AROUND LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

More Reminiscenses from a Member of Wheeler's Famous Cavalry Corps.

Atlanta Journal.

Dear Journal: Your asking me a few days ago of some reminiscenses of Gen. Wheeler has brought back to me such a flood of memories of the old gang that I fear I shall bore you and your readers before I get them out of my head.

Wheeler's cavalry was not pretty to look at, and to see them on the march was to behold about as motley a crew as can be imagined. Of uniforms there was scarcely any semblance, each man wearing what he had or could get, and homespun jeans was the most predominant raiment. In arms and equipments there was also a great variety, some carrying Enfield rifles, some Springfield muskets, a few carbines, and some old Mexican war Mississippi rifles. How the ordnance department ever kept ammunition for all these calibres has always been a mystery to me, but I do not recall that we were ever short of powder or failed to burn it when there was occasion. A great change in our armament, however, took place as the war progressed, and before its close Spencer repeating carbines and Colt's revolvers became the general rule, drawn, of course, from our usual source of supply, our prisoners and the well-filled wagons trains of the enemy.

The horses were the property of the men, as were most of their equipments, and were good, bad or indifferent, according to the purse or prowess of the owner. By the way, there was a decided feeling of comradeship between the horse and his rider. When on picket duty the horse was good company, and his companionship relieved the tedium almost as much as a human comrade would have done. Sharing a common danger develops an affection between men and animals as well as between humans, and this I suppose must account for my vivid recollections of the individual peculiarities of many of the horses of our command. I could mention a score of them, but a few must suffice.

CHARACTERISTICS OF HORSES.

Dave Jennings, of Company D, rode a little clay-bank mare with scarcely any withers to speak of, and an Irishman of Company K rode an old hack high in front like a giraffe. No cruppers or breast straps could keep the saddles of either in position, and Dave frequently rode straddle of his mare's neck, while the Irishman sat complacently on his horse's rump. There was John Hilton's horse "Blue Nose," whose chief merit consisted in being the "illegantest swimmer that ever was seen." We swam our horses across the Tennessee river once, and while only the head or noses of the others were visible "Blue Nose" paddled majestically across with his back and half his sides out of the water. And Morg Thompson's little squealing stallion, "Ruffin," that no amount of hard riding or short rations could take the squeal out of. Then there was poor Jim Lowe's Canadian pacer, a beautiful animal and very docile, and at first not at all gun-shy, but later became almost unmanageable under fire. We could account for the change in no way but by concluding that the intelligent creature had learned the dangerous difference between blank cartridges fired in preliminary drill, and the report of firearms accompanied by the whistling of bullets about his ears. And there was Jack Hanna's pacing roan, on whose back I one day took an equestrian portrait of myself in six inches of mud. And last, but not least, I remember John Ingram's sorrel of the cast iron mouth, that no bit or tackle that we could ever rig up would stop when once good started. I rode this son of a gun once, and am not likely ever to forget the experience. There were three of us sitting quietly on the turn-pike between Nashville and Murfreesboro, when the first fours of a regiment of Federal cavalry rode into the pike from a cross road, not over one hundred yards from us. A volley followed, of course, and the horses jumped, mine about fifteen feet, I think, and another only far enough to set his rider gently on the ground. (He had been sitting sideways, an account of an affliction like Job is said to have suffered from.) Sorrel's head was turned towards the woods, and right through the timber he went like a cyclone. I didn't want to stop him, for my business just then was to get away just as fast and as far from that spot as possible. But I did try to guide him, for I didn't want to break his neck and mine against a tree. A short distance ahead there was a fence, and another man had dismounted and was throwing off the rails. I yelled to him to get out of the way, for I knew the fool horse would jump over him or anything else that happened to be in his road. He misunderstood me, I suppose, for the only reply I got was to "go to hell." He just barely had time to duck his head when the horse cleared him, fence and all.

And while writing this of horses I must not forget to mention the horse race wherein a one-eyed man rode a one-eyed horse, and both blind on the same side. Half way through the course the horse flew the track on the blind side, broke its neck against a pine tree and very nearly killed the rider.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

There were three choice spirits in our regiment that reminded one of Alexander Dumas' "Three Musketeers." As Dumas' three were really four, so our three had been five. But two had thrown their lives away, in a drunken brawl on Lookout Mountain and the other in charging the enemy's picket line alone, and trying single handed to capture or kill some of the sentinels. Poor fellows, they deserved better fates, especially the latter. He was a bright-faced, handsome boy about 18 years of age. He got back from his escapade into the Confederate lines with a bullet in his thigh which cut the femoral artery, and from which he speedily bled to death.

This left but three. They were not regularly detailed scouts, but there was scarcely ever a scouting party organized that George and Bill and Ben were not selected. They were only boys in age, the eldest not over 21 and the youngest barely 18, but they could ride anything that went on four legs, appeared almost utterly tireless and seemed not to know what fear meant. I think their courage was somewhat like that of a child who is indifferent to danger because it is incapable of comprehending its existence. George had been a circus rider, and I believe could have ridden a horse standing on his head.

The last I saw of them was just preceding the battle of Chickamauga, and they were having more fun than a cage full of monkeys. They had scouted all over Lookout Mountain, sometimes under orders and with a definite object in view, but as often without aim or orders except to search for adventures. They nominally belonged with a detachment commanded by Lieutenant William Pelham, but as they were a little impatient of restraint, he allowed the "three fools," as they were frequently called, to do pretty much as they pleased, knowing of course that they might be killed or captured, but believing the chances were largely in favor of their killing or capturing some of the enemy.

They were driven from the mountain by the advance of Rosecrans' army, but kept in front of it for two days, often in speaking and generally in shooting distance.

BILL'S CANNON.

I have forgotten how the other two were armed, but remember Bill carried what he called a "cannon." He had short time before got himself into a tight place and lost his gun, and nearly everything else he had, being glad, as he expressed it, to get out with his "hide and his hoss." Going to the ordnance wagon, he found an old Belgian rifle about six feet long, and with a bore nearly an inch in diameter. It was really a powerful weapon, and as the owner expressed it, "could shoot a mile and cracked like a six-pounder."

DISLODGING THE SHARPSHOOTERS.

One day a detachment of the regiment was deployed as skirmishers, and lying down behind a fence about 1,000 or 1,200 yards from the enemy's line. Between the two fires was a yankeee sharpshooter, and he was making it decidedly interesting to any one of our men that showed his head. He was out of range of our guns, and Bill suggested that he turn loose his ordnance on him.

As a preliminary and to determine the exact location of our enemy, Ben took off his coat and put it on the end of his gun, then put his hat on top of that and carefully edged it up over the fence to represent a man cautiously peeping over. The dummy had scarcely cleared the top rail when crack went the yankee's rifle and almost simultaneously Bill's artillery roared. When the smoke cleared away we saw a bluecoat on the double quick to get back into his own lines. The cannon evidently made the situation uncomfortable to him, to say the least.

HOW THE YANKEE GOT OVER THE FENCE.

The same afternoon Bill's artillery made a little more fun for the "Three Musketeers." They were mounted this time, and picking their way toward the enemy's line in search of more adventures, when they met a negro. He was almost out of breath from running, and had in his hand a fiddle, probably his most precious possession.

"Do, for God Almighty's sake, don't go down dar, boss," he exclaimed. "Dey is right down dar by the blacksmith's shop."

The boys knew exactly where the blacksmith's shop was, and as there was a lane extending about 200 yards toward them and timber the balance of the way, they smelt a chance of having some more fun with Bill's cannon. So they deployed through the woods until they came opposite the mouth of the lane, when Bill dismounted and crawled on his hands and knees into the middle of the road. Sure enough, they were at the blacksmith's shop. There was a large oak tree about two feet from a fence, and between the tree and the fence stood a blue coat. Bill brought his ordnance to bear, and as Uncle Remus would say, "let him have all dar was in her."

There wasn't much time for laughing, but the way the fellow got over that fence was too ludicrous for anything. He didn't climb over, nor try to jump over, but literally fell over. We examined the ground the next day and found that Bill's artillery had torn about a square foot of the bark off the side of the tree next to where the yankee was standing. It was evidently time for him to change his position.

THE LAST OF BILL AND THE CANNON.

Poor Bill's war career came to an untimely close the next day. The enemy's line was formed in an open field, while ours was back of a timbered ridge. The tactics of our three adventurers was to dash up within easy range of the enemy and fire, then quickly wheel and ride back, bending low to escape the volley they expected and generally got. A moore foolish maneuver could scarcely have been conceived, and why they were not killed seems almost a miracle to me now.

But all things must have an end, and so had this. They played their little game one time too often. On last sortie they were allowed to get as close as they desired, when suddenly they discovered the gleam of about forty sabers, not in front of them, but on their flank, and as near the Confederate lines as they were. It was General Negley's escort sent to charge the woods and stop the foolishness. George and Ben rode safely out, and, incredible as it may appear, George carried out with him one of the general's escort and landed him safe in Dixie. But Bill, being only indifferently mounted, he and the cannon were lost. The next news we had of him he was in a Federal prison nearly 1,000 miles away.

This left but two of the five, and what became of them I never knew, but the changes were against their having gone safely through the rest of the war.

As I told at the outset, Wheeler's cavalry were not a handsome lot. Neither were they popular with the farmers and country people, for they must needs have foraged or famished, since they enjoyed only a slight acquaintance with the supply trains (except the enemy's,) and their meetings with the commissary department were few and far between. I know, too, it was said they had abnormally developed appetites for buttermilk, and that some of them were fond of corn licker.

But I seriously doubt if General Wheeler, of the United States army, will ever have a command in his new field that he will be quite as proud of, or that he can as confidently rely upon when there is hard fighting and harder riding to do as upon the old ragged and reckless, desperate and rough riders that he formerly commanded.

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About Salt.

A little salt rubbed on the cups will take off tea stains. Put into whitewash it will make it stick better. As a tooth powder it will keep the teeth white and the gums hard and rosy. It is one of the best gargles for sore throat and a preventive of diptheria if taken in time. Use salt and water to clean willow furniture; apply with brush and rub dry. Salt and water held in the mouth after having a tooth pulled will stop the bleeding. Prints rinsed with it in the water will hold their color and look brighter. Two teaspoonfuls in half a pint of tepid water is an emetic always on hand, and is an antidote for poisoning from nitrate of silver. Neuralgia of the feet and limbs can be cured by bathing night and morning with salt and water as hot as can be borne. When taken out, rub the feet briskly with a coarse towel. Salt and water is one of the best remedies for sore eyes, and if applied in time will scatter the inflammation. Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should be washed in salt water, and ironed wet, to obtain the best results. Food would be insipid and tasteless without it.

Hemorrhages of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt.

— Man believes himself always greater than he is, and is esteemed less than he is worth.

SUMMER IN THE SOUTH.

Its Mountain Resorts to be in Greater Demand Than Ever.

Manufacturer's Record.

The coming summer is likely to be marked by a decided increase in the patronage of the mountain resorts of the South. For more than half a century the people of the South who have had the means and the leisure have been accustomed to divide their summers between the resorts of the North and some of the older ones of the South. In former years there was a regular migration with the on-coming of warm weather from the lowlands to the mountains. The plantation families or the dwellers in cities of the plains made the pilgrimage, enlivened with the change to out-of-door life on the route, and spent at least a month in some retreat like that of the old Greenbrier White or some of the lesser resorts whose name is now only a memory. Wealthy families from New Orleans or Mobile traveled by steamboat and in their private equipages overland to the heights of the Appalachian range, and there remained until the on-coming of cooler weather or continued their happy journey to Saratoga or one of the seaside resorts just in their beginnings. That was in the days before the railroads had made accessible and had aided in the development of many resorts which now rank with the best that the North has or ever had.

There are many distinct advantages possessed by these summer refugees. Though many of them have all the conveniences of table and appointments, they are still close to the wilderness of the woods. Within the walk of a well-arranged hotel are magnificent stretches of scenery, opportunities for sportsmen and temptations to the invalid to woo health in close communion with nature. The winter migration from the North to Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas, Alabama and Louisiana has become a permanent fact in American life; but the South is not only an immense sanitarium for the winter, but also for the whole year. From Mason and Dixon's line clear into Alabama and to Georgia the Appalachian range forms unending lines of beauty. Not as bold as the Rockies, nor as sharply defined, perhaps, as the New England Mount Washington, the ranges of the Blue Ridge are yet most pleasing in their changing color under different skies, their sweeping forms, and, as they rise to North Carolina, their commanding elevations. Comparatively few persons realize that in Western North Carolina there are forty-three mountains more than 6,000 feet high, towering above others ranging from 4,000 feet down, and one of the chief attractions about these mountains is that they have nothing of the worn appearance of the better-known peaks of the East, but are full of pleasant surprises and give opportunity for ever changing vistas to him who idles among them.

Moreover, the Appalachian range is really an immense mineral fountain. Medicinal waters, soothing to sufferers from minor ills and curative of long-standing diseases, either in the shape of a beverage or as a bath, gush from among the rocks at many points. The White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia, the Hot Springs, the Warm Springs, the Healing Springs in Bath county, the old Sweet Springs, Rockbridge Alum in Virginia, the Hot Springs of North Carolina and others at Lincolnton and Shelby, N. C., Sweet Water and Bowden, near Atlanta, are a few of the iron, chalybeate or sulphur springs belonging to the Virginias, the Carolinas, Tennessee and Georgia, situated in healthy places and surrounded by picturesque views which are attracting every year a greater number of visitors than before. To most of these springs direct railroad connection is had with the cities of the North, West and farther South, and each year finds improvements and additional attractions, none of which, however, mar the beauties which have been created by nature.

Typical of them all, perhaps, are those in the vicinity of Asheville, N. C. The development of that section as a health resort for both the summer and winter is largely due to the enterprise of the railroads and the delight of wealthy persons who have once visited it. The city of Asheville itself is a monument of the appreciation of the South as a sanitarium. Its population consists largely of tourists or of those persons who, once seeing it, have determined to make it their home for life. Nearby is the magnificent Biltmore estate, an attraction which casual visitors are permitted to enjoy. Then there is the Cloudland Hotel, on the top of Roan mountain, at an elevation of 6,400 feet, and commanding a view of 50,000 miles of territory in seven States—the two Virginias, two Carolinas, Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia.

From this place there is an easy access by an excellent mountain turnpike to other resorts, such as Eseeola Inn, at Linnville, and the accomodations at Blowing Rock, where spring atmosphere seems to abide eternally. By another route one reaches Waynesville, filled with the healing odors of the fir and presenting points of advantage for observing magnificent views of cliff, valley and mountain stream, and the whole topped by Mount Mitchell, Grandfather, Roan and Clingman's Peak. Across the border lies the Lookout mountain, overhanging Chattanooga. Not far away is Chickamauga, which seems destined to be the place of attraction for thousands of hearts, if not of feet, during the coming summer. The very fact which has made Chickamauga a mobilization center for armies of the United States is that which will induce a large patronage of the Soutnern mountain resorts this year. No one can doubt that timidity on the part of many persons will lead them to select the mountains for their summer outing, instead of the seashore.

The resorts all along the coast will probably have a good business, but they must share to a greater extent now than ever that business with the secure, health-giving, comfortable and picturesque resorts of the Appalachians.